

DAILY MAGAZINE PAGES FOR EVERYBODY

Quaint Method of Using the New Silks

"If You Are a Machine-Made Department Store Model, You'll Want to Run."



BEWARE the imitation, the flimsy silk. If you really wish to have a street gown made up for spring in the new silks and in a new style be very, very wary. Beware the spring gown decorated with a cheap imitation of the silk that is making the name of Poiret a household word. It will lose color at the first mention of the wash tub. By careful buying of the real Poiret—martine silks (and this will not be expensive since little is needed), a charming gown can be made that will be attractive despite frequent laundering, the whole summer. The model shown in this picture suggests a quaint and original method of employing the new silk. The smart touch added by covering the parasol with the same silk trimming used in the garment is one which can only be added by the wearer. Simplicity is really the keynote of these costumes notwithstanding the "fluffy" look.

This gown offers an opportunity for one of the distinctly Parisian touches—the use of the linen embroidered collar and cuffs. The body is made of either black charmeuse or in one of the tones of the silk. The parasol ruffle is either of black or white chiffon.

Mother Monologues

By ALMA WOODWARD.

REGGIE COASTS

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WELL, hello, Ethel, you're out enjoying the beautiful snow, too, eh? It's so seldom that we have a glorious storm like this, isn't it? It's quite makes one have hankers for the north pole, doesn't it, really?

Reggie, where are your manners, dear? Didn't you see Mrs. Gray's? Say "Good afternoon" and show Mrs. Gray the beautiful new sled papa bought you. Don't pull it up so suddenly and slam it against her feet, Reggie; that isn't a bit nice, dear.

Yes, his father just had to say him one. The child gave us no peace at all. I really think it's extravagant. They cost four and a half, you know, and goodness knows when we'll have another storm. Maybe never. Yes, indeed, that's so. But the little darling was just set on it.

Has your Teddy got one? No? Because you and Mr. Gray think coasting dangerous? Oh, really? So Teddy just looks on. Poor child!

Now wait a minute, Reggie, don't interrupt while mamma is talking. Just be patient and you'll coast all in good time. I don't want to let you go down, when there's such a big crowd on the hill. You're such an impulsive child. You know, you must just go and steer into somebody else and get all hurt, sweetheart.

The child doesn't seem to know the meaning of the word fear. No one ever sat with him at night. Just put him in bed and turn out the light. Yes, indeed, he's not afraid of anything, he—Reggie! Reggie! What are you "way down there for"? What? A boy started to throw a snowball at you? Oh, and you went after him to give it to him good. Oh, you were running AWAY from him? Wise boy! Sluggo, how

The Traffic in White Slaves

MUCH has been written in novel, magazine, and newspaper of the tragedy of the white slave traffic, but nowhere has so vivid a picture been drawn of its effect upon society and the need of efficient measures for readjustment as that in today's installment of the series by Kate Waller Barrett, the social worker, whose exclusive articles in The Washington Times have aroused so much favorable comment.

Mrs. Barrett declares the great problem to be a restoration of the girls' self respect, independence, initiative and will power, the invisible bars that keep her in bondage.

In discussing remedial agents, she assails the policy of meting out jail and workhouse sentences as illogical, unscientific, and extravagant, and pleads for some method that the girl may be fitted, under intelligent observation, to become a normal member of society.

By KATE WALLER BARRETT.

One of my earliest recollections was a birthday present from my grandmother. It was during the civil war, and we were refugees at Burkeville, Va., near Appomattox. We had taken with us a number of our old servants, and with them two little colored girls near my own age, Jane and Lucy. They were my equals and constant companions until this birthday, when my grandmother said: "Kate, I am going to give you Jane and Lucy to be your own servants. They belong to you, and everything that you say they must do." Then she gave me a lesson in regard to my responsibility for them as my slaves.

Unconsciously, I had absorbed the worst features of the mistress, and everything else but the delight of owning a slave fell upon deaf ears. From that time on, they ceased to be my friends.

I looked upon them as mine by "divine right," and many were the lessons of cruelty and lack of appreciation of the rights of others cultivated in me. They did not rebel, they knew too well the uselessness of it, and even when the war was over, and they were free, they still stayed on.

Loss of Self Respect Is

Most Powerful Incentive.

The fact was that slaves became so accustomed to their fate that they lost their self-respect and independence. And right here is found one of the most powerful incentives to the fight for their freedom.

So it is with the white slaves. They need no bolts nor bars to keep them in their sad condition, nor do they even desire to escape.

The saddest part is that they are willing slaves. But they are slaves nevertheless and are bought and sold, or swapped and treated like any other article of merchandise.

No one doubts this who knows anything about conditions. And, furthermore, after being kept in bondage for any length of time there is a structural change which takes place in the brain cells which takes years of effort to overcome.

Seven years ago I had an illustration of this—a woman who had been held in slavery for thirteen years. She went to the night court and asked protection, having tried three or four times to escape before, once being successful in having the man released. But in less than six months he was back again, having evaded the authorities. She was in a terribly nervous condition. She was afraid to go on the streets, and would tell the most harrowing stories of how other girls had been scared and intimidated by their masters when they tried to escape. Many of the stories had no foundation, but she believed them, and they were sufficient to keep her in a perfect state of terror.

Character of Masters In

Enforcing "Class Honor."

The men of this class are invariably cowards, and, unless perved by heroin or some other drug, are frightened of their shadows. But the girls are so entirely at their mercy that, when they hear such terrible stories, they believe them.

I put this girl under one of the best nerve specialists, who told me that it would take five or six years for the mental disturbances, occasioned by living under such dread, to disappear. But the progress was not true, for, by their more than that time had passed, the girl is still in a hospital.

It is a rare thing to find a woman in immoral life without a master. They need one to protect them from the law and from other men. The fact is that they want to belong to some one, is the secret.

As a rule these men are gamblers, horse race followers, and such ilk. While the law has done much to decrease the number, it is difficult to get at them, for the women will seldom give any assistance in their prosecution, even when they have been treated most unmercifully. There is a certain "class honor" that prevents any one of their own kind from denouncing them if they kind from their master, and they seldom come in close touch with any other people.

mean an asset to the business. And after all this sacrifice and unselfishness, when these monsters are through with them as money getters, they throw them aside, like a sucked orange.

Invisible Bars Against

Returning to Society.

There is no need to add to the horror and degradation of the picture by exaggeration.

I wish it were necessary to hold these girls by iron bars. Then I would feel some hope in waging a war to free them. But alas, there is no law save the invisible bars of mental suggestion and personal influence, and for these there is seldom any remedy.

Well, may the girls, in this sad state, say, as they invariably do: "You have come too late. Try to get the girls before they reach the place that we are."

The characteristics which follow every form of slavery are peculiarly evident in white slavery. Loss of self-respect and initiative—a complete paralysis of the will-power—then we see the wreck it is difficult for us to realize that once this girl was as pure and innocent as any of our own children; that, while perhaps she never had the ability to take care of herself, or to be one of those whom Theodore Roosevelt described as being necessary to the progress of the country—"one who can lift their own weight and a little more," she might at least have been a harmless member of society, or an ornament if she had had proper protection.

Failures of Supposed

Agencies for Reform.

Possibly we may think that some of the remedial agencies recommended by sociologists, as permanent custodial care of certain types and an adjustment of the machinery, so that even the handicapped and subnormal members of society could be provided for. But nothing could be more extravagant or wasteful, from an economic standpoint, than our present way of caring for them.

It costs the community, in dollars and cents, to say nothing of any other phases of the cost, ten times as much to care for this type in a disreputable house than in the most expensive public institution, even the workhouse and the jail.

The only alternatives—usually the jail and workhouse—the State has to offer, cost more than it is worth to care for a girl in a Florence Crittenton Home.

In the jail she is surrounded by vicious associates, spends her time in idleness, and comes out worse than when she went in.

In the Florence Crittenton she is surrounded by elevating influences, is taught to do something useful, and in seventy-five per cent of a hundred is made permanently better. If she is mentally capable.

The most illogical, extravagant, and unscientific method, next to that of the disreputable house, in dealing with this case of offenders, is to deal out either workhouse or jail sentences, repeated every few months.

Many communities are now arranging to care for such law-breakers under suspended sentence, placing them in the care of private custodians in the country, where, while they are being studied with a view to discovering what is needed to make them useful members of society, they can be reclaiming their health by a variety of employment, and the usual vocations of country life, they can be made largely self-supporting. After this period of observation is over, intelligent remedial agencies can be employed, so that in a vast majority of cases the trouble may be cured, and a girl fitted to become a normal member of society.

Another policy, as wicked as it is absurd, is for anyone to say that this class of girls can be placed at once in close relationship with society, or be capable of filling a normal position in the world. To take this view is to show how absolutely superficial is their knowledge.

To ruin or place abnormal persons into normal society is to introduce an element antagonistic to the best good of society. That this fact has been recognized is one of the reasons that many persons who thought it was wise to leave the "sinner woman" alone and let her seek her own kind.

But this is not the best way to deal with her and to present a much less problem than to attempt to make her fit to survive in the ordinary walks of life.

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She Thinks American Women Charming; But, Know How to Dress? Helas! No! No!



COUNTRESS DE BERTIER, Wife of Military Attache French Embassy, and Her Son.

Countess de Bertier, Best Dressed Woman in Washington, Is Compassionate.

Absolutely Nothing But Poiret Creations in Madame's Wonderful Wardrobe.

By FLORENCE E. YODER.

Sacre Bleu! How insignificant I felt!

The best dressed woman in Washington, Countess de Bertier, wife of Captain de Bertier de Sauvigny, the new military attache of the French embassy, leaned back in her pink and white lace negligee on a mass of bright cushions, while a chic French maid, with a strong French accent, displayed the wardrobe of madame, and explained why she was really the best dressed woman in this city.

Madame, besides having a real wardrobe, with nothing but Poiret creations, is a beautiful woman. Her hair is a rare, golden red, and her long, slim figure is admirably adapted to the present styles. She has time to be a mother, too, and to see to it that her little son is properly cared for and taught.

She spoke no word of English, but was charmingly gracious, and permitted the maid to bring out one breath-snatcher after another.

"Ah-a-a-look, mademoiselle—at this!"

And the maid drew out a gown of heavy, black broadcloth silk, with a straight skirt and long, plain kimono sleeves. A tunic of purple, piped with red, reached from the long neck to the knees in undulating lines. Fisher fur finished the neck and sleeves, and a small tulle of the same material, trimmed with a straight, upstanding black plume completed the vision.

Madame smiled at my enthusiasm and continued to look comfortable. It seemed so easy to be the best dressed woman in the nation's Capital. I asked for her favorite dress. Did she have one? "Oui, mademoiselle. Voilà. And a smoky blue chiffon, just a match for madame's eyes, was displayed. I could not get the effect as it lay in the hands of the maid, and a profusion of large, heavy, and very dark gray beads on the bodice and skirt made it impossible for it to be held up.

"Does the countess think that American women know how to dress?"

My question was translated and madame la countess smiled sweetly, spoke languidly to the maid, who replied:

"American women are charming, but they do not know how to dress. (Here the countess smiled compassionately.) Such poor dressers as they are! The trouble is that they do not wear costumes. Now see this little tunic? Madame would not wear it for the world with any other costume, but she will wear it. You see, well—Comprenez vous?"

Of course I did.

THE TIMES BEDTIME STORY



An enormous white bear with angry flashing eyes.

The Bewitched Bear—Part II.

LITTLE May peeped into the great vault of the treasure-house, and saw that there were not only ten bags of gold piled on the floor, but also tables full of caskets of jewels of all kinds. Boxes of pearls lay coiled on cushions of black velvet, diamonds sparkled in golden trays, rubies flashed in ebony boxes and great cups fashioned of gemstones were heaped in the center of the tables. The bear had helped May out of her trouble again.

But this only made May more angry than ever. Her face grew purple with rage, and she stood speechless thinking up another plan to annoy her sister.

"All this is very fine," she cried. "This bear seems a very wonderful animal with great power. Let us try him again. He is no doubt an evil magician who would like to harm our father, the King, and take his kingdom. He must die."

The poor King tried to stop the angry daughter, but she waved him aside and called to the guards about her.

"Hasten into the woods and bring at once in chains that great bear which roams about near the outlet into the lake," she ordered. "We will have him."

The guards tried to stop the angry daughter, but she waved him aside and called to the guards about her.

shot with an arrow and be rid of this wicked beast at once.

The soldiers marched away to the forest and soon returned with May's friend in chains, which he dragged painfully at his heels. The girl ran up to him and, putting her arms around his shaggy neck, begged the King for his life.

"No, father," sterned Oma. "You are weak and foolish; you must not allow yourself to be carried away by your feelings. May here is a witch, and this bear is a wicked magician, who will try to ruin us all unless he is put to death. Soldiers, draw your bows and aim at his heart."

Calling on her knees little May pleaded with her father, but it was useless. The King was too much afraid of his oldest daughter to disobey her. The soldiers stood the bear up on his hind legs with his back to the castle wall and a dozen of the guards took their place in line before him with their bows and arrows in their hands. The bear was quiet and seemed to be looking away to the sky where it dipped away to the top of a distant mountain.

So busy was every one looking at the scene before them that none had noticed a strange appearance in the sky. A cloud of queer shapes seemed to be swiftly racing across the heavens, and as it drew near it could be plainly seen by all, had they been looking upward.

But it was no cloud at all. The dark object was a chariot of coal black, which was drawn by two ebony horses with glittering harness, and upright in the car was a beautiful figure clothed in light.

The soldiers took up their bows, and were about to send arrows whistling through the air, when May sprang to her feet and threw herself in front of the bear.

"If you shoot, kill me first," she cried. "He has been the only friend I have had on earth, and I will not desert him."

As soon as these words were spoken the car of the fairy touched lightly to the ground. She waved her tiny hand above the bear's head, and lo, there was a wonderful change. Instead of a shaggy animal there stood a handsome young prince, in a beautiful violet velvet suit, a long plume nodding in his cap, and a golden sword by his side. In a moment he took May in his arms.

"This is not a bear," exclaimed the fairy. "But Prince Charming, who was enchanted many years ago by a wicked woman, who said he should wear the form of a bear till some one should love him enough to risk his life to save him. The Princess May has proven worthy of his love and saved him from the spell."

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Economy Editorials NO. 5

Let us come to a clear understanding as to the ingredients that compose our pure O. K. OLIO-MARGARINE. First, pure, creamed butter is taken as a base, combined with proper proportions of rich milk and cream and salt, and churned. Neutrolo, otherwise known as "honey of the cattle," is a blending of the tissues of the cow. That's all there is to it. No secret about it. It's the perfect substitute for butter, costing only about half the price. I will gladly give you a sample taste to convince you.

Tomorrow, "How Bob Saved Rob."

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